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NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND THEIR WORK.

NEWSPAPER editors are personages with whom, in the mind of the public at large, there has always been associated a certain degree of mystery. There is no class of men whose work passes so directly and so constantly before the public eye; yet there are few with regard to whose real position and functions more vague, confused, or erroneous notions are entertained, even on the part of persons otherwise well informed. This is no doubt largely due to the anonymity which is preserved in the newspaper press of this country. Readers come to identify the opinions of a particular organ more with the sheet of printed paper, and with its distinctive name and features, than with the individual or individuals by whom it is directed, and of whom, it may be, they know nothing.

The power and influence, with their attendant responsibility, exercised by the editors of our great newspapers, are enormous. Thomas Carlyle once described journalists as the true kings and priests of the nation. The office so described is a most attractive one for young men in search of a career, especially if they be fairly educated, and believe they are imbued with the fire of genius. The commonest mistake of such aspirants to the editorial chair is that they greatly under-estimate the attainments requisite for such a position. They speak of 'taking to journalism,' as if it were a very simple matter, to be accomplished without much personal trouble or inconvenience, and never thinking of the long years of patient work and varied experience which will have to be undergone before they can reach the point they have in view. Journalism is now, and is becoming more so every year, a profession for which a special training is required. There have been instances in which men of brilliant parts and profound erudition have proved signal failures in the editorial chair; while men of inferior education and meaner intellectual powers, but with those indispensable

qualifications—tact, judgment, and experience—have succeeded admirably under the same conditions. It is, therefore, quite erroneous for a young man to suppose that because he has had the advantage of a good education, writes with facility, and has a notion of such work, he can 'take to journalism' and surmount all difficulties, as it were with a pair of seven-league boots.

Some years ago, a young man wrote to an American paper that he wanted to be an editor; and the reply which he received is well worth reproducing here. 'Canst thou,' asked the editor, 'draw up leviathan with an hook thou lettest down? Canst thou hook up great ideas from the depths of thine intellect, and clean, scale, and fry them at five minutes' notice? Canst thou write editorials to measure? Canst thou write an editorial to fit in a three-quarter column of the paper, which shall be in length just twenty-two inches, having three inches of fine sentiment, four inches for the beginning, and nine inches of humour in the middle, and an outburst of maxim and precept, six inches long, at the close?'

This will of course be regarded as a bit of facetious exaggeration on the part of the editor, and no doubt it was; but it really reflects certain necessary phases in the work of a journalist. Important intelligence frequently arrives at the newspaper office within a short time of the paper going to press, and if the editor wishes to be upsides or ahead of his contemporaries, as most editors do, he must have a leading article on the subject in the same issue as that in which the news appears. There is not a moment to be lost; indeed, there may be scarcely time to perform the mere mechanical operation of writing what has to be said, not to speak of hunting about for an idea, an appropriate quotation, or a choice form of expression. These must all, in the language of the American editor, be hooked up, cleaned, scaled, and fried without delay.

Most leading newspapers have one or more political articles in each issue, and these, while parliament is sitting, often deal with the previous night's proceedings in the House of Commons. It

frequently happens, however, that the Cabinet minister whose speech is to be commented upon does not rise till the night is far advanced, or it may be that the division which is to determine the whole drift and tone of the article does not take place till one or two in the morning. In the former case, the speech has to be reported, transcribed from shorthand into longhand, and despatched to the various newspaper offices—by telegraph, of course, in the case of provincial papers—the respective editors meanwhile fretting and fuming over the delay which is keeping back from them the material upon which their principal leader is to be based. In such emergencies, an experienced journalist may construct a considerable portion of his leader by anticipation. To use a slang expression, he 'knows the ropes.' He is familiar with the subject, can form a pretty shrewd idea of what the minister is likely to say, may even have had some private hint on the question from official quarters; and leaving to the last his more particular references to the speech of the evening, successfully accomplishes his task. This, however, is a kind of sharp practice which cannot always be indulged in with safety or convenience.

Some editors who possess great facility in composition, employ a shorthand amanuensis, to whom they dictate their leading articles and reviews. In an emergency such as that we have described, or on any occasion when time presses, the editor would dictate to his amanuensis a portion of his leader, writing the remainder himself while the first half was being transcribed from shorthand into printer's 'copy.' The editor's work is not, of course, always done at this high pressure, which would soon wear out the mental and bodily powers of any man. Nor is the ability to turn out good work thus rapidly all that is required of the successful journalist. Upon the editor of a large daily paper devolves the direction and oversight of a complex system, which, properly conducted, produces what may justly be described as one of the marvels of the nineteenth century, but which, if badly or injudiciously managed, would soon involve its promoters in financial ruin.

Of some of the difficulties against which the editor has to contend, none but practical newspaper-men have any conception. Take, for example, the question of space. It is a common fallacy among the general public that it must be a very difficult matter to find news to fill each day's paper. So far from this being the case, the ingenuity of editors and sub-editors is continually on the stretch to find space for even a selection of the most important news at their disposal. In the office of a leading daily newspaper, there is often more matter thrown into the waste-basket, or struck out of manuscripts, than would suffice to fill the paper; while interesting telegrams, for which not only the Post-office, but the correspondents who have sent

them, will have to be paid, are consigned to the same receptacle almost every night, simply because it is impossible to find a corner for them. The calculations of the editor, moreover, are liable to be upset in a hundred different ways. Some great crisis, storm, crime, or disaster occurs, or an important debate suddenly arises in parliament, or some great man dies, or there is an extraordinary and unexpected influx of advertisements—perhaps a combination of these—and all the arrangements of the office are correspondingly disturbed.

An entirely different set of difficulties and dangers beset the editor from without, and to meet these, no little tact and discernment, as well as an extensive knowledge of men and things, are necessary. The acquaintance, or at all events, the favour of a man in whom so much power is vested, is naturally courted by public and official personages in almost every order of social and political life; and not by these alone, but by a still larger constituency of busy-bodies and adventurers—place-hunters, men with hobbies, men with inventions, philanthropists, reformers, literary and poetic aspirants; men indeed—and women sometimes as well—of every class, whose purposes and interests can be promoted in any way by 'favourable mention' in the paper. Only a small proportion of these appeals elicit any favourable response on the part of the judicious editor, who knows that he must exercise the utmost vigilance to escape the snares which are laid for him by those self-seekers.

Though these competitors for favour are a great bore to the editor, their anxiety to stand well with him is occasionally the means of his procuring valuable information which he could not otherwise obtain. It is to them he is often indebted for communications as to the proceedings of private meetings and 'close' corporations. It is owing to their propitiatory offerings that he is now and then enabled to burst a bomb-shell in the camp of his political opponents, by disclosing their secret machinations, and explaining all the details of their little schemes. It is through them that he is sometimes enabled to expose, to the derision of an amused and edified public, the intrigues of official and municipal life.

But what kind of people are editors personally, when the mysterious curtain which hides them from the public gaze has been drawn aside? The question is one to which no specific answer can be given, for a more heterogeneous class of men does not exist anywhere. The diversity observable in the newspapers which issue from the press daily, weekly, or otherwise, is nothing to that which exists among those who direct them. If all the editors of newspapers published, say, in the English language were brought together in one vast assemblage, they would form a curious gathering, not the least remarkable feature of which would be its heterogeneous composition.

In such an assemblage, it would be interesting to pick out the comparatively few who may be regarded as having reached the very top of their profession, who conduct the most powerful organs of public opinion, who enjoy the confidence and friendship of the greatest statesmen

of the day, and who move in the highest literary and artistic circles. After them, we might perhaps be able to recognise a few of the more notable among a much larger number, who, though stars of lesser magnitude as compared with those in the first rank, enjoy a very considerable share of honourable distinction, and who, both personally and professionally, exercise an influence which is neither dubious nor circumscribed. We should then have to contemplate the most numerous class of all, who may be described as the rank and file of our great editorial army, composed of men who, though perhaps but little known or recognised beyond their own particular sphere, are doing good and admirable work, and who, only within a more limited radius and in more localised affairs, exercise an influence little less than that of their more distinguished brethren.

Last of all, we should be curiously interested in a considerable number who, hanging on, as it were, to the outskirts of the concourse, may be said to belong to a somewhat nondescript class, each section of which is made up of men of the most opposite views, acquirements, and methods, carrying on their operations under the most diverse conditions. Yet there is this most interesting feature to be noticed, that though in each of these various sections we find men who have reached the limit of their possibilities, and some who have at one time held higher rank in their profession than it is now their lot to fill, there are at the same time to be found in each, even the lowest grade, men who may yet aspire to the highest, and in the highest, men who have risen from the lowest. This is no doubt true of almost every profession; but the fact has this peculiar significance in regard to journalistic work, that steady and sustained promotion can never be the outcome of anything apart from genuine worth and efficiency.

There is no profession in which a man stands more supremely on his merits than in that of journalism. In many others, promotion is more a question of influence, of good fortune, or of time, than of actual working capacity. In journalism, influence goes for little or nothing, unless there be on the part of the aspirant real efficiency to perform the work that has to be done. There never was greater competition in the press than there is at the present day, and that competition is more likely to become keener than to diminish. It is becoming more and more a question of the survival of the fittest, and special eminence is ever more difficult to attain. The incompetent and inexperienced, therefore, must inevitably go to the wall.

We have said that there are men now occupying the highest ranks of the journalistic profession who have risen from the lowest. As illustrating the various stages of such promotion, it may not be out of place to mention a case in point. We could name the editor of one of the most powerful daily newspapers published in the United Kingdom who began life as a lad on the bottom-most round of the ladder—in the printing office; who, by his own unaided industry and perseverance, entered, through various stages of preferment, upon the work of reporting, and passed from one grade to another in that department, till, after a wide experience of provincial and general work, he reached what is in many respects the most im-

portant sphere in which that arduous calling is exercised—that of parliamentary reporting; and who, throughout an extended experience in the Gallery of the House of Commons, acquired a knowledge of political affairs, of the relations of parties and of statesmen, and of the intricacies of parliamentary procedure, which must have proved invaluable to him in the subsequent periods of his career. The remaining stages of sub-editorial and editorial work were duly passed through, and his present position attained. The majority of our most successful journalists are self-made men.

The press is every year becoming a greater power in the land; it is already one of the greatest 'resources of civilisation,' and we might as soon try to get along without steam, or railways, or the post-office, as without our newspapers. If we are to have newspapers, we must have editors to direct them, and the editors must march with or in advance of the times. There is therefore good reason to hope that better things are in store for the coming generations of journalists than there have been for those that are gone, and that on the newspaper press the best talent, the maturest judgment, and the most cultivated taste will yet find congenial and appropriate work.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AND NOW HE BEGAN TO KNOW HOW FUTILE HIS DISHONESTY WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN HAD HE SUCCEEDED.

OVER London a dull gray sky, obscuring the last sun that shines this month of May. Over Lumby Hall a leaden sky that weeps and weeps; and round about it, a maudlin wind that moans. In London City, beneath that dull gray sky, the great House of Lumby and Lumby once more flourishes, and lifts a head the prouder for defeated shame. In Lumby Hall there are hearts that beat in answer to the City triumph, and throb with sweeter and more human joys; for in Lumby Hall there is this great joy, that the master of the house, long stunned by terrible calamity, is beginning to know the forms and faces round him and to remember names.

You who are old, and have lived your lives, and bred your children to usefulness and honour, do you remember any happier times than those when your children began to know you, and to reach out chubby arms for you, and to make lingual stumbles over 'father' or 'mother'? None sweeter, I dare answer for you. Yet in this house was a still deeper and more sacred joy; for the head of it was coming out of a dreadful dream of childhood, that had been renewed too early; the brain that once had concocted great schemes, was again active; the weak heart that had led large enterprises, was once more beginning to pulsate aright. He was coming back slowly to conscious life, and would by-and-by hear glad tidings—as though some mariner who had suffered utter shipwreck should wake to find his good craft whole again, and the drowned comrade's hand holding his with the grasp of friendship.

Wailing wind and clouded sky around and over Lumby Hall; and such gay and tender

hearts within it. Low-lying skies above the great refurbished house of Lumby and Lumby in the City. Strike fast, free wings, and bear us on. The British Channel gray and misty; the coast of France with a glint of sunlight on it; the fields of France bright with broad sunshine, and many a cornfield waving in the wind. On southward and westward, till we pass the awful hills, and hover beneath a blazing sun and in the burning summer air of Spain. And southward now to Cadiz, where we drop, swooping downward with sure flight to strike our fancied quarry—Garling!

Garling on the shady side of a narrow street, walking with bent head and hands behind him as of old, looking an incarnate secret here, as in London City half a year ago—Garling self-banished, with all his wicked schemes foiled and broken, and his heart broken with his schemes—Garling among his ghosts again.

'Do you love me well enough to trust me?'

'I have no words to tell you how I love you.'

Then a chamber with a dying woman in it, and a cheap clock hurrying on the time and stumbling in its haste to get the horror over. Then a dream-journey by cab and rail and sea. Then a real journey by cab renewing the dream-journey; a railway station filled with hurrying crowds, faces showing here and there in the gas-light, and lost here and there in the gloom; a platform almost deserted; a green light turning a sudden eye upon it; a lamp swinging; a whistle sounding; a hand upon his arm, and a heart which seems for a second as though it ceased to beat. His own. If it would but cease to beat! If it would but cease!

Lost—all lost. The game played quite in vain. Familiar voices in the street laugh at the lost gamester—familiar faces smile derisively. He hears the voices—'When did ever villainy thrive? There is a fate in these things.' He reads the meaning of the smile. 'We were fools enough to believe this shallow fellow a financial genius.' Is it bitter? Is wormwood bitter? He would rather live on wormwood than face that smile. And it mocks him always, awake and in his dreams, and there is no escape from it.

A night at sea, with a moon struggling to pierce a bank of clouds; the sea crying with waste voices. The game played out, and played in vain. A figure on the deck of a ship which floats a black hulk on the waste gray heaving waters—a figure with bent head and hands folded behind him, ghost-tormented. Garling, in this lonely narrow Cadiz street, walks with bent head and hands folded behind him, and knows that figure on the ship's deck and knows the ghosts that haunt him. He knows the figure, flying with false passport for the swindler's refuge, Spain. 'EDWIN MARTIAL, aged 49, height 5 ft. 6 in., complexion sallow,' and so on, and so on. He has that phantom's passport in his pocket. He sees the gray ghost landing at the quay; he sees him taking lodgings, walking the streets of Cadiz day by day, eating his phantom heart out as he goes. Then in fancy the ghost shoulders him, and as it were melts into him, and he and the ghost are one. He and the ghost walk on together to a café in a by-street, and go in together.

Years before, when the cashier first meditated on his crime, he had begun to qualify himself for a residence in Spain. There is but little pleasure to be got in any foreign country if you are a resident there, cut off from communion with your own countrymen, unless you know the language spoken by the people round about you. Garling was not a common villain, and had set to work, having once made up his mind to flee to Spain, to learn Spanish. It is not a difficult language; and though he spoke it like a stranger, he learned to read and write it as glibly and correctly as his mother-tongue. But though he was not a common villain, and though his majestic plot had been wrecked by chance, and not by any fault inherent in it, he had fallen into the one curious blunder of fancying that perpetual leisure would bring with it unrestricted pleasures. Well, he had got perpetual leisure, and it was gall. The bare fact that he was without employment crushed him. He had lived plainly, though to his very heart a gourmet, promising himself the pleasures of the table. He was not so poor even now, with the honest savings of his lifetime, that he could not command those pleasures, and he had no joy in them. He had loved good wine, and though holding himself back from it, had lusted after it. It had lost its flavour and its sparkle. It did but upset his Spartan stomach and make his head ache. He had lived for the World and the Flesh, and he was here surrendered to the Devil; and the world was empty and ashen and gray; the joys of the world were years and years behind him.

And now he began to know how futile his dishonesty would have been even had he succeeded, and he groaned inwardly many a time, and acknowledged the truth of that base but salutary proverb which says that honesty is the best policy. He began to feel the proverb base as well as true, for a plain reason. It is but a poor reason to be honest—that it pays. Honesty has a better plea than that. It is honest, whether it be a good policy or not. And so this able scoundrel—this swindler of genius—was crushed before the last blow fell upon him. And here and now the last blow was to fall.

Spain is not an advanced country, and has done her best or her worst to sweep the tide of human progress back from her shores. Spain is the staunch old uncompromising Tory among nations. Yet even Spain could not shut out that glorified and beatified Paul Pry we name 'the press.' She could fetter Paul. But for once in a way he brought the truth home, and struck it deep to the heart of a remorseful, but not yet repentant, villain; for Garling took up from the marble-topped sloppy little table in his café a Spanish journal, and therein read this narrative. Paul had garbled the story a little, as you will see, but he was right in the main.

'A singular romance has just transacted itself in London. The last chapter of this romance reserved itself for Madrid, and is therefore of especial interest for our readers. The great company of Lombardo Brothers, who probably take their name from Lombardo Street, the great

banking quarter of England, was lately compelled to suspend payment. For more than twenty years the affairs of the Company were conducted by One Garling. The name and the persistent character of the criminal alike point to Scandinavia as his birthplace. One Garling was a gentleman of the loftiest repute, and was chancellor of the City Exchequer. He was completely trusted by the Company and was believed to conduct their affairs with unequalled skill and probity; but in reality he was a criminal of daring genius. During the whole of the time for which he was intrusted with the conduct of affairs, he was engaged in the elaboration of a scheme for the ruin of his employers, a plot to which he appears to have been stimulated by a hatred of the City institutions. The result of defalcations spread over a long series of years, amounting to twenty-five millions of reals, was deposited at Madrid, and One Garling himself escaped to this country. It now transpires, however, from the statement of the English journals, that he was detected before his flight and compelled to sign a confession of his misdeeds, by Sir Lombardo, the head of the City Company. Sir Lombardo also succeeded in extorting from One Garling a complete restitution of the stolen moneys. But now begins the romance of the story. Sir Lombardo, who is presumably old and frail, was so affected by the emotion of the time, that he lost his reason, and having mislaid the drafts, he allowed the City Company to become ruined.

Garling dropped the paper on the little marble-topped table, and stared before him with a ghastly face. He saw already that he had a second time missed his prize. He took up the paper and read on.

'The establishment was therefore declared bankrupt, and its properties were seized by the law officers. The books containing the accounts of the association were sold for waste-paper; and in one of them, the confession of One Garling, and the drafts made by him upon the Spanish Bank at Madrid, were miraculously discovered. Application was immediately made to the Madrid authorities, and it was discovered that in spite of all his cunning, Mr One Garling had allowed the money to rest in their hands. It was therefore withdrawn by the authority of the miraculously-recovered drafts, and the City Company is thus re-established. It is seldom'— And the Spanish Paul glided from history to morality, and preached the natural sermon.

Garling read on steadfastly to the end. With that marvellous fatuity which attends and produces crime not yet crushed out of him, his spirit writhed in incredible bitterness under this final misfortune. Since his flight, he had never until now taken up a newspaper. He had supposed that as a matter of course the merchant had communicated with the Madrid Bankers long before he himself had set a foot in Spain, and now he found that the money had been still lying at his call until within a few days ago. He had told himself a thousand times since his exile from England, that money was valueless to him. He had discovered beyond any chance of denial that the time for such enjoyments as he had promised himself had gone by—that his appetites were effete, that the life he had led in London had

so moulded him that his leisure was an agony, and his heaping up of money the foolishness of all possible blunders. And yet he writhed in spirit at what he read. He was Fate's fool, it seemed, he who had thought himself so cunning. Cunning? The man's belief in himself crumbled. Where were the fertility of resource, the unshaken constancy to self which he had boasted all these years?

He felt a singular curiosity to know how long a time had elapsed between the loss and the recovery of the drafts. He sat for an hour, thrumming on the table, with bent head, seeing nothing that went on about him, and scarcely thinking. Nobody to look at him would have supposed that any very dreadful trouble weighed upon him. Trained so long to impassivity, his face kept a fair copy of its usual expression, and he passed for an idle gentleman whiling away the time in mere reverie. But the curiosity he felt drew him to the Spanish Paul. He paid for his coffee, inquired his way to the office of the journal in which he had read the news, and in due time reached it. Señor Parria, a courteous-mannered gentleman, received him. Garling explained his mission. He was Mr Edwin Martial, an Englishman, having business in Cadiz, and for the present residing there. He had had transactions with the great House, and had known Mr Garling. Perhaps his curiosity as to the authenticity of the story might be pardoned. Assuredly, replied the swarthy Señor. The facts as related had appeared in a journal published in the Spanish capital. Since then, the English mail, by some cause delayed a day, had brought the English journals to Cadiz. The swarthy Señor regretted that he himself did not read English, but—would the inquirer care to search the papers, and if need be, go back on the foreign file and discover any reference to the story? Mr Edwin Martial was obliged. He declined the cigarette proffered by the courteous editor; he sat down with his hat on the floor beside him, and looked through the file of a London daily preserved for the past three months. There he made out the whole of the story. He saw himself denounced in a slashing leader as the Prince of Modern Swindlers. The lash of the virtuous leader-writer's indignation fell harmlessly upon him. The eulogy of his artifice brought him no comfort. He saw of course through all the guesses the virtuous leader-writer made, and passed on calmly to search for the next article. For two or three days he made a figure in the world's news, and then he dropped out of it for five or six weeks. Then he came back again with a burst, and for another day or two he made the most interesting item in journalistic intelligence. The leader-writer was at him again, and rejoicingly denounced him as the Prince of Modern Dullards. He brought his leader to its proper length by an affecting eulogium upon the virtue of honesty, and the paying properties of that attribute; and he pictured with considerable pathos, the restoration of British Mercantile Honour to its old place in the confidence of the trading communities of the world.

Garling read everything he could find, and the courteous editor cast an eye upon him now and again, and never made the remotest guess as to his identity. It was natural enough that any British mercantile person should be interested

in the details of this remarkable business story. The courteous editor himself was interested in it, and questioned his guest as to the result of his readings when he arose to go. With colossal imperturbability the guest replied; with splendid quietude of demeanour, bowed himself out stiffly and like an Englishman, and so went home.

When fiends left the bodies of their human victims at the bidding of exorcists, they tore their habitations. Were the fiends Avarice and Greed preparing to leave Garling that they tore him so? To an old criminal, repentance must needs be an awful thing. Had it begun to come to that with him? The sunlight ruled broad dazzling lines upon the wall, and he sat in shadow and looked at them as they slowly, slowly moved. Gray and stern and cold he sat there, and again his ghosts were with him. What a life! To have these grim and terrible monitors for his sole companions. Well, there was business and its old attractions left him. He had money enough to start the world with, and he would heap a bigger fortune together by honest work than his foolish fraud had cost him. A blunder! a huge blunder! Wipe the record out, and begin again. Start life anew. Why not, with five thousand pounds to begin with? There is a Bourse in Cadiz, and the city is one of the homes of European commerce. So he set his ghosts behind him and beat his remorses down, and rose for the moment a conqueror. No gesture proclaimed his victory; but his cheek flushed a little and his sunken eyes gleamed and his fingers trembled.

He began that very day to prepare for his new enterprise, and as he did so he felt his spirit reviving, and the old resolution filled his heart again. 'No man shall say the reverses I have suffered broke me down,' he said; 'I will make a new name, which shall outshine the old one.' He began with caution, and thrust his whole soul into the enterprise, so that howsoever the ghosts might batter at the gates and moan outside, they should find no entrance. He had not been at work a week before he found that he was known and recognised in spite of his *alias*. Not a soul would trust his bond a moment, and his operations were restricted to the limits of his capital. He did not quail at this or at anything, but went on doggedly; and with keen eye and resolute heart pursued his purpose. For a while it prospered, and it became the fashion among speculators to watch him, and where they could discover his financial movements, to follow him. It did not pay him to be followed, and to have the mob with him, and so he worked underground as it were, and grew more secret than ever. But it was impossible even for Garling to work without tools, and he found a tool in a certain Koulo, by descent a Levantine polyglot, with no man knows how many nationalities mingling in his veins. There was some Greek blood in him, as his name seemed to indicate, and some Hebrew strain also, as his nose and lips sufficiently testified. It is not probable that there was in his day a meaner dog in Cadiz. He had been trained for the law, but was universally distrusted, and so had no practice of any sort, and was forced to live by his disreputable wits. Garling worked through this man without seeming to have any association with

him, and thus leaving the mob behind, began to thrive mightily. Garling read character, and trusted Señor Koulo with not one farthing for an instant.

The Señor knew little of his employer's affairs; but he learned enough to know on one occasion that Garling must necessarily have a considerable amount of money by him, waiting for deposit on the morrow. He was a tall broad-shouldered fellow, not unhandsome in his own coarse way, but marred by signs of dissipation. He was a dull dog, and he knew it; but though he was no match for Garling intellectually, he knew himself a match and more than a match for him physically. And so it befell that the fraudulent cashier experienced in turn the miseries he had inflicted upon another. The Señor swaggering in under cover of the darkness on pretence of having some business news to communicate, sat down and began a rambling disconnected tale. He had been drinking to screw his courage to the sticking-point, and had so far overdone it, that his employer discerned the signs of drink upon him, and sternly bade him go. This command, with many *crambos* and *crajos*, the swaggering Señor resented, and Garling renewing his injunction turned his back upon him, and in that moment received a blow which stretched him senseless upon the floor. Then suddenly pallid and shaky, the wicked Polyglot searched his employer's body, found his keys, shakily opened his cash-box, with trembling hands abstracted its contents, opened his safe and renewed the thievish procedure there, and then with trembling legs betook himself down-stairs. He disappeared from Cadiz and was believed to have transferred himself to London. He was said to have been seen in gorgeous raiment in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, where of course he was a patriot and a man of family, shamefully exiled on account of the purity of his political principles.

It took Garling weeks to recover from the physical effects of the wicked Polyglot's violence. Even when he got about again, he felt the old indomitable spirit gone. His nerves never recovered from the shock they had suffered, and at times his mind was clouded. No man pitied his misfortune, and though that seemed to make little difference to him, he felt it. He gradually sank back from the life upon which he had set himself, banked what was left of his money, and lived narrowly upon its interest. Being thus thrown upon himself, he found the ghosts that haunted him more numerous and more terrible. The darkness gathered about him, thicker and thicker, and there were awful faces and voices in it. He began to see truly how base his life had been, and spiritual terrors opened on him. Into the gloomy valley in which his days were spent, how shall we dare to follow him? A great man thrown away! The capacities for a great career wasted, and worse than wasted! He used to murmur sometimes a mournful excerpt from what, in his reading days, had been his favourite play: 'There is no creature loves me; and when I die, no soul will pity me!'

Leave him. Come away from where he sits, with the shadows of a hard and wicked life gathering deeply round him. Leave him—with

pity—if you may. We shall see him but once again before the last Shadow which waits for all shall fold him—

That Shadow, waiting with the keys,
To shroud him from his proper scorn.

JOTTINGS FROM ANIMAL LIFE.

For some short time before his death, the late Mr Frank Buckland had been arranging, with a view to publication in a collected form, the most important of his many interesting papers on pisciculture and the habits of animals, which during the last few years of his life he had contributed to the pages of *Land and Water*. These papers are now offered to the public in a neat octavo volume, published by Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., and bearing the title, *Notes and Jottings from Animal Life*.

While a certain melancholy attaches to these papers, as being probably the last that we shall see from Frank Buckland's pen, yet the reader, forgetting this, soon finds himself carried along from page to page, charmed by the ease and kindly good-humour with which the author describes the habits of his many curious pets. The leading chapter on Monkeys is well adapted to bring out the quaint touches of humour which distinguish the author's descriptions of animal life; the subject being graced by many of those picturesque anecdotes which none could relate better than he. As a specimen of the book, the following may be given on the odd subject of Tame Rats:

'I have for the last twenty years never been without a tame rat. The "monkey-room" is the general refuge for the sick animals belonging to my friends, and lucky are those animals who come into this hospital. I almost forget where the rat I am writing about came from. I believe he was one I rescued from an untimely end by being swallowed by the ant-eater at the Zoological Gardens. This rat has the bump of curiosity strongly developed, and nothing pleases him so much as to make an inspection of my writing-table. He creeps cautiously about, and examines everything, his object being to steal. What he likes best is lump-sugar. My sugar-basin originally cost a penny; like the Portland Vase, it has been smashed and broken so often that it is impossible to estimate its present value. The cause of these numerous fractures is the rat, who, when he wants a bit of sugar, stands up on his hind-legs, supporting himself with his tail in a tripod-like fashion, and upsets the sugar-basin; then selecting a lump, he bolts with it. It is a remarkable fact that the rat never eats in the open; he takes all he steals back to his house. In order to do this, he has to get on to the mantel-piece, which is about eighteen inches above the writing-table. To enable him to accomplish this, I have put up for him a rat-ladder, built somewhat on the lines of a salmon-ladder. After I had shown him once or twice how to get up this ladder, he very soon learned what he had to do. I have known him scramble up his ladder with objects which for a rat must be of considerable weight. One day I saw him steal a whole red herring. Having tried the best way to carry it, he ultimately picked it up at the right point where it balanced. When he arrived at the round

hole which leads to the sleeping compartment of the squirrels' cage, he was pulled up short by the herring, which was crossways in his mouth. I was curious to see what he would do. He dropped the herring, and seemed to consider. Having quickly made up his mind, he adopted the following plan. Leaving the herring outside, he went into the hole, and turning short round, seized it by the head, and hauled it in with the greatest ease. The muscles about the neck of the rat are very strong, giving him great power to use his wedge-shaped head whether for boring or carrying. He uses his tail to steer himself, and when climbing, works it as a rope-dancer works his balancing-pole.

'The rat is a great stealer of bits of paper, and any loose pieces he can find, he carries away. When the post comes in, in the morning, therefore, the rat has the envelopes as a perquisite. These he tears into little bits, and makes a very comfortable nest with them.'

Mr Buckland devotes a portion of two chapters to an explanation of the process of salmon-spawning and the procuring of eggs for exportation; and in the account of his adventures, while collecting eggs in the North Tyne for transportation to New Zealand, he points out the many difficulties of the task, and the care required in handling the female salmon from which the eggs are about to be ejected. These chapters are interspersed with fishing lore and many capital anecdotes.

In a paper upon Otters, the author relates some of his experiences of these animals, several live specimens of which had from time to time come into his possession. One specimen, which Mr Buckland purchased in 1875, became comparatively tame, and was afterwards sent to the Westminster Aquarium, where naturalists had an opportunity of studying at leisure its interesting habits. After giving an account of the structure of the otter, and the wonderful facility with which he captures his prey under water, the author says: 'I have described, when writing of the anatomy of the guillemot, the wonderful bubbles of air that invariably follow that bird when under water, and I have explained how the air is stored underneath the feathers, and given out when the bird is diving. In the otter, a somewhat similar phenomenon can be observed. As he swims along under water, he is followed by a train of the most lovely air-bubbles, which appear exactly like beads of quicksilver. The origin of this air I cannot quite make out. A large proportion of it comes directly from the lungs. This is important; the otter evidently has some difficulty in sinking in the water—he therefore lets out the air to enable him to go down; but at the same time a good deal of air comes from underneath the fur. When the seal dives, no air appears to come from underneath his coat.

'The otter, it has been remarked, always takes the largest fish in the tank first, leaving the smallest fish till the last. He never attempts to eat them under water, but always comes to the bank-side to have his meal. The otter invariably begins to eat the fish by crunching up the head, never the tail; holding his prey by his forepaws, so that it has not the least chance of escape, and munching it into very small bits. I have prepared the skull, and find that the canine teeth are very trenchant, and almost scissor-like in their action;

they are conical in shape, much sharper than the canines of a dog or cat. When a fish is caught, the otter immediately transfixes it through the head with his sharp canines, the action of which is such that the fish is held by them as in a rabbit-trap, and cannot escape. The otter holds the fish for some little time between the canines before he begins to eat, waiting till it is quite dead and quiet. In eating, he never uses his canines at all, but bites at the fish with the side of the mouth only. The molars and premolars are also very sharp, but capable of crushing any substance into very small bits.

While engaged upon the Herring Commission Inquiry, Mr Buckland made a voyage to the north in H.M.S. *Jackal*, and he gives a graphic description of his experiences while visiting Orkney and Shetland, together with Fair Island. The last-named island seems to be a general rendezvous for many of the sea-fowl which migrate to and from the far north. 'The common and Black-backed gull and the Kittiwake are here the whole year, but are much more numerous during the breeding season than at any other time. The eider-duck, the guillemot, the puffin, and sheldrake come about the middle of April, and remain till October. The puffin and guillemot seem by general consent to have fixed on the 12th of August as the day of their departure. Thousands may be seen a day or two before that date, but only a few solitary birds after it. The black guillemot remains here the whole year. The gannet and fulmar come after the breeding season. The stormy petrels breed here; but though their young are frequently seen, the nests are rarely if ever found. Swans and many different kinds of geese visit the island yearly for a few days in spring and the beginning of winter. Both kinds of cormorants are found here the whole year round; they often drift ashore in considerable numbers, dead or very much weather-beaten, during long-continued storms.'

Frank Buckland was great at shows, and seldom lost an opportunity of visiting them. Being in Yarmouth on business, 'of course,' he says, 'I went to the shows, where the best thing by far was the Hairless Horse. Yes, he was perfectly hairless, as bald as a billiard ball. His hair had not been shaved; he had never had any. Some part of the skin was white, the rest black: the white was very white, like the skin of a sucking-pig; the black was the black of the edible Chinese dog, also called the "India-rubber dog." There was also on view a "Living Skeleton"—certainly a skeleton something awful to look at. He was said to be thirty-four; he might have been any age. He was awfully thin. His wrist would pass through a gauge of one inch and one-eighth. I asked the skeleton what he lived on. He said: "Rump-steaks and porter." Anyhow, he certainly did not grow fat on it. I went also to see a "Petrified Mummy," about which the showman of course had a long yarn to tell. This was an old friend that I am continually coming across at penny shows—namely, the "Abogine." The history of the "Abogine" is as follows: He is a dried Australian native, thrown in as a bargain with some spears, shells, &c., in a lot, and bought by a dealer. The shells, &c., were sold,

but not the dried Australian, and the dealer got quite tired of his bargain. At last he called him an "Abogine," and chopped him to some penny showman for some monkeys. The poor "Abogine" does not get on; showmen can't make money out of him. The "Abogine" of course means "aboriginal native," only the word has been a little twisted.'

In a chapter on the London Birdcatchers, Mr Buckland gives a number of interesting particulars relating to the notes of various songsters. Thus, his friend 'Mr Davy's call-bird goldfinch was a very good one, and Mr Davy put his song into words. By listening attentively, I could make out that the goldfinch did really say the following words. There are two songs of the goldfinch; one is—

Sippat-sippat-slam-slam-slam-siwiddy.

The other is—

Sippat-widdle-widdle-slam-siwiddy-kurr-hurotle-chay.

Goldfinches are now becoming very scarce, because the cultivation of land is exterminating the thistles. At the end of the year, the birds lie up in quiet feeding-places, and remain there as long as the food lasts; they will not be seen on flight again until April.

'The song of the wild linnet is thus written by Mr Davy:

Hepe, hepe, hepe, hepe,
Tollaky, tollaky, quakey, wheet,
Heep, pipe, chow,
Heep, tollaky, quakey, wheet,
Lug, orcher, wheet.

'The toy linnet is a bird that has been taught to sing by the titlark, woodlark, or yellow-hammer; they are educated at an immense amount of trouble. The linnet is taught "in-and-in," "in-and-in;" that is, by constant repetition; and only a very few take the perfect song. The song begins thus:

Pu poy, tollick, tollick, eky quak,
E wheet, tollick, cha eyk, quake, wheet.

This is one stave of the song. Then follow in due order the following staves:

Phillip, cha eke, quake, wheet.
Call up, cha eke, quake, wheet.
Tollick, eke, quake, chow.
Eke, eke, eke, quak chow.
Cluck cluck, chay, ter wheet tollick, eke quake, wheet.
Echup, echup, pipe chow.
Ah, ah, ah! J-o-a.
Eke quake, chow rattle.
Tuck, tuck, wizzy ter wheet;
Tolliky, quake wheet.

This is the finish of the toy linnet song. When the above song is put together by a properly trained bird, it is just like a flute.

'To get these birds to take the song, they must be taken from the nest very young, before they get the call of the parent-birds.

'Perfect toy linnets are worth almost any sum of money; fifteen to twenty pounds would be given readily for a thoroughly good one. Broken song-birds are only worth thirty to fifty shillings each. A broken song-bird will not make his stops in the song as given above; he will run one stave into the other. Good toy linnets are very scarce, and their trainers are getting old and dying off.'

In 1878, the new lion-house at the Zoological Gardens was built, space being left for large outdoor playgrounds for the animals. The transfer of these large carnivora from their old dwelling required great care and a thorough knowledge of the habits of the animals, more especially as they are extremely suspicious, and very frightened at anything having the appearance of a trap. Formerly, the animals were made to move from one den to another by setting fire to some straw, and thus starting them; but in this instance Mr Bartlett preferred to employ stratagem rather than force, and had a strong box constructed called a 'shifting-den,' which was placed opposite the door of the cage. A tempting bit of meat placed between the bars at the far end of the box, eventually induced one of the animals to enter, when an attendant pulled a cord, and the slide fell down, thus making him a prisoner. In this way all the animals were transferred without much trouble to the new house. Singular to say, it was found more difficult to trap those which had been born in menageries and lived all their lives in confinement, than others which had come to the Gardens after being in a wild state. The difficulty of transferring the animals from the indoor dens to the playground was overcome by constructing an iron box, both ends of which could open or shut at will. This box was placed upon wheels, and by means of a tramway, shifted along the wide passage which runs between the dens and the playground, allowing communication between any two of the doors as required.

The carnivora were released for the first time in June 1879, when it was found how well the tunnel plan had answered. The tigers having ascertained that the door at the back of the den was wide open, and apparently communicated with the open air, naturally took advantage of what they thought to be a sure means of escape. The first tiger that went through the tunnel belonged to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. 'This tiger was a cautious gentleman. He approached the tunnel with the greatest caution, testing its stability with his huge paw at every step. The spectacle of the four tigers coming out into the open was really grand. First, there appeared the head of a tiger; he surveyed everything outside for a minute, and then cautiously came out, creeping along cat-like, without the least noise. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see these lovely gigantic cats, the four tigers, gradually emerge one by one into their new, large, open playground. By a little imagination, one might easily fancy that the scene was situated in the middle of India, and that the tigers were coming out from their fastnesses to seek their food.

'When they arrived at the open, it was very beautiful to watch them crouch down, making themselves appear as small as possible. Finding nothing to hurt or alarm them, they curiously examined the trunks of the trees and rockwork placed there for their especial benefit. They trusted to their sense of smell and touch for objects near them, and to their sense of sight for objects distant from them. When the four tigers were loose in their playground, and the door closed behind them, they at once began to play, and very beautiful were their movements as they ran after each other, tumbled, and gambled like young kittens, their coats looking like

satin in the warm sun. All of a sudden, a new and, to them, a most interesting object made its appearance. This was a young and very white zebu calf of a few days old, which came out of its shed in full sight of the cage only a few yards off. The moment the Prince's big tiger saw it, he crouched to the ground, and remained stationary, watching the innocent-looking baby zebu. He was all fixed and statuelike, perfectly motionless except the very tip of his tail, about two inches of which kept jerking from side to side, signifying great anxiety, expectation, and readiness for immediate action. Presently the other three tigers perceived that their comrade had seen something. They also instantly assumed various attitudes of contemplated attack, indicating their intense desire to kill this young zebu calf and eat him. This group of four magnificent tigers, all intent upon one and the same object, was grand in the extreme. It was also very interesting to observe that the mother of the young zebu seemed to know instinctively that her calf was in danger, as she appeared to warn it in her own peculiar way. I left the four tigers still looking at the zebu calf, when we adjourned to watch the lions come out into their playground at the other end of the four large iron cages.'

In a paper upon singular accidents to animals, which had come under the author's observation, the most curious is that which occurred to a stag in Windsor Forest. The forefoot of the animal having become fixed in the fork of a tree, possibly while he was searching for food among the lower branches, he was unable to extricate himself; and the limb breaking, he had fallen upon his back, and probably died slowly of hunger.

The efforts of Lord Bute to acclimatise the beaver in the west of Scotland, which have now met with success, are touched upon by the author, who narrates several interesting anecdotes of this most industrious little animal which he noted while upon a visit to Mount Stuart House; a notice of which appeared in our columns several years ago.

Mr Buckland in the course of his book has some amusing notes on the sea-serpent, together with observations on the habits of the manatee, and a valuable chapter on the structure of whales. In speaking of the *Beluga* or white whale, an example of which was lately at the Westminster Aquarium, the author mentions some curious facts in connection with the breathing functions of these immense creatures. After explaining how seals and other lung-breathing animals have the power of remaining under water, he says: 'In the whale we find altogether a different kind of self-acting breathing-valve. The wind-pipe does not communicate with the mouth; a hole is, as it were, bored right through the back of the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole; a more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into the lungs. Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals; this alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air. We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a peculiar reservoir in

the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the lungs.'

We will not draw further upon the many interesting topics which Mr Buckland places before his readers, but would recommend the book itself, not only to all lovers of nature, but to the general reader as well.

THE CLIFFORD DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT WE SAW OF THEM.

WE were not a very pleasant party at breakfast at the Mills House next morning. Uncle's brows were knit. My brother Tom could not conceal his disgust at young Clifford's conduct; and I felt miserable when I thought of Naomi. Yet I had one crumb of comfort—the preference might be all on one side. I had never seen anything in my sister's demeanour to warrant the supposition that her affections were engaged; and then, how could she help a young man's fancy for her? I had just reasoned myself into a quiet frame of mind about her, when uncle announced that he was going to Grange, and that he must have a few minutes' conversation with Clifford. I thought Arthur followed uncle with a very bad grace; and I was not surprised to see the two men issue from the library with set, angry faces.

Surely never was there so slow and weary a morning. The gardens were a good way off, beyond the great mills. I did not care to go there, lest uncle should suddenly return and require me; I could not talk to Arthur Clifford; and I had not the heart to play the piano. As a last resource, I took down a volume of Ruskin, and forgot my worries.

'Olive, I've brought you your letters.' Naomi was standing at my side, with half-a-dozen letters in her hand, looking uncommonly well and bright. 'I've got such a jolly letter from Uncle Hugh,' she went on. 'There is to be a delightful fancy ball in Liverpool next month. He wants us to go as "Night and Morning"—Ruth in very dark blue and silver; and I in pale blue and gold. He says he'll give us our frocks if papa only will let us go.'

'And what does papa say?' I inquired, well pleased that her mind was full of such thoughts.

'Oh, he said he'd think of it; which is, being interpreted, we'll go.'

'Now, Naomi!' I cried, lifting a warning finger. 'Oh, you dear old tabby, I don't mean anything profane, only—Arthur Clifford!' She drew back, looking so white and startled, that I felt startled too.

He came gaily forward, a bright smile on his handsome face, a proud light in his full dark eyes. 'Yes, my dearest girl; just Arthur Clifford, and no one else. Are you not glad to see me?' He extended both his hands and caught hers. 'Have I startled you out of even a word of welcome, Naomi?' he asked.

She recovered herself in a moment. 'Yes,' she said; 'I am surprised. I did not think you would have come so unexpectedly.'

'How could I tell any one I was coming, when I did not know it myself until ten minutes before I left London?' he said.

'And what brought you home?' she asked, gently disengaging her hands.

He made a grimace.

'I suppose you have been going a little too far with one of your numerous flirtations?' Naomi remarked, very coolly.

'Now, I call that horribly unkind of you, Naomi,' exclaimed Clifford in an angry tone. 'I've never had a single flirtation since you told me that you'—

She lifted her hand ever so slightly; but I saw the gesture, and drew my own conclusions. I felt grieved to the soul. These two had been carrying on an underhand courtship.

'I am shocked—shocked and surprised, Naomi,' I said; and like a goose, I began to cry.

She put her arm around me. 'Don't cry, Olive, pet. Really, there's nothing to cry about. It's half fun.—Now, isn't it, Arthur?'

'O yes—only fun altogether,' he answered with a laugh.

But what they said to comfort me, only made my pain the keener. I restrained my tears, however; and seeing there was no help for it, I endeavoured to wrest a promise from Clifford that he would confide in uncle. I talked myself almost hoarse before I could get a reluctant half-promise from him to that effect; and then I partly coaxed, partly ordered, Naomi to return to Uplands. Arthur would have insisted upon accompanying her across the lawn, had not uncle's burly form appeared in the avenue.

I was leaving the room as uncle entered, with a look on his face such as I had never seen before. 'Stay!' he said, in a voice which made me shake.

I returned to the chair I had left a moment before. Uncle closed the door, and walked to the fire without a word. Clifford watched him with varying colour and flickering eyes. Through the profound stillness of the room, I could hear the slow tick-tock of the clock and the hum of the adjacent mill. My heart began to beat heavily as I looked at the two men.

At last Clifford spoke. 'Well, sir, you have seen my father?' he asked.

'Yes.' Uncle's voice was harsher than I could have believed.

'Am I to go to Grange?' the young man said.

'No. Sir Arthur will never see your face again.'

It was I, and not the young man, who cried out in horror at uncle's words. What Clifford said was: 'Never's a long day.' And I thought there was most unseemly lightness in both tone and words.

'You have broken his heart,' uncle answered sternly; 'and for my part, I will never touch your hand in friendship again. Arthur Clifford, I'd rather have followed your father's eldest son to his grave, than stand here to-day knowing what I know of you.'

Clifford's face grew livid, his eyes seemed to contract into two fiery points, and his mouth worked convulsively. 'I suppose you know the whole affair now?' he said recklessly, turning on his heel.

'I do,' uncle said. 'The bill to which you put your father's name, unauthorised by him, was not for three hundred pounds, but for three thousand.'

'That's the whole business,' Clifford said; 'and all the rascally Jew gave me was two thousand, and some rubbish of pictures.'

'And for this you have spoilt your life, ruined your prospects, and broken your father's heart.'

'O sir, it's not so bad as all that.'

'Quite as bad. In your father's name, I have telegraphed to Lord Learmount, asking him for leave of absence for you—as your father's old friend, he will not refuse it—and then, you must flee the country.'

'Flee the country?' he cried amazed.

'Yes,' said uncle sternly; 'or remain here to be arrested as a felon—a forger.'

He winced at that. His teeth clenched so sharply on his under lip that the blood sprang, and his hand clutched the back of a chair fiercely.

'And where can I go, sir?' he asked hoarsely.

'To Liverpool—to my brother Hugh. He will put you on board his ship, *The Twin Sisters*. She sails for Brazil to-morrow. I have settled all with your father.' Uncle spoke in short sharp gasps, as if prolonged sentences were beyond his reach.

Clifford made two or three paces up and down the floor. 'I cannot go. I have no kit, no money,' he said.

'Hugh will supply anything you require for your journey. You shall have one hundred pounds lodged in the hands of our man of business at Rio; and—well, the same sum paid to your credit twice a year, so long as you remain away.'

Clifford gave a bitter laugh. 'When do I start on my swim?' he asked.

I never saw such a look as uncle darted at him. It made me tremble. 'You leave this house to-night at seven o'clock. I will go with you to Liverpool, and see you off in the ship.'

Two days after, uncle returned, and Arthur Clifford was on his way to Brazil.

Well, there was no scandal. The man in whose hands the bill was, lost nothing; he got his three thousand pounds, and a little over, to hold his tongue. No one ever knew the magnitude of the young man's crime save Uncle Tom, Sir Arthur, and myself; for Lady Clifford thought, with the rest of the world, that he had got into a scrape, as young men will, and that in a boyish freak he had run off to see the world; and that he would come back a steadier and a wiser man. I dreaded meeting Naomi, however. How was I to tell her what manner of man this was to whom she had pledged her faith? And yet, when we met, I felt deeply amazed at her gay and careless demeanour. The fancy ball, her beautiful dress, and the enjoyment she was to have at Uncle Hugh's, seemed to occupy her mind, to the exclusion of everything else. And yet, my mind misgave me.

To me she never alluded to the secret I had discovered, and the subject was too keenly painful for me to open it to her; and so a month went by, and the day of the great ball drew near. Ruth was to go as 'Twilight,' Naomi as 'Dawn;' and the dresses were designed by an artist-friend of Uncle Hugh's. They were really beautiful—one all cloudy, dark-blue tulle, and silver gauze; the other, pale blue, with gold stripes flashing through it. In her floating azure robes, with her golden

hair turned back from her white forehead, and a cloudy gauze veil floating over her shoulders, Naomi looked supremely lovely; while sweet Ruth's fair face gleamed like a star on the edge of a soft night-cloud from her misty draperies. Lady Clifford seemed to take a strange pleasure in hearing about the dresses; and the day before the ball, she called me to her side.

'Olive,' she said, 'I have asked Sir Arthur if I may add a little to the beauty of your sisters' dresses to-morrow night. He has given me leave to do what I will. Come with me, dear.'

Half expecting what was to come, I attended her through the familiar room; and then at her direction led her down the wide hall; and through many winding passages to a little dark closet off Sir Arthur's office. She gave me a bunch of keys, pointing out the one I was to use first, and then the others one by one. I opened four great iron-barred doors before I came upon a square box, which, at her bidding, I carried out and set on the desk in the office. The key which opened it hung on her watch-chain; she gave it to me, and I opened the box. For the first time in my life, I saw the Clifford diamonds. There were eight trays in the box. The upper one contained the tiara, seven stars set on two glittering bands of gems. How they beamed out at me, as if glad to catch the light of day upon their glittering facets; and how they gave back light for light in that dim sombre little room, before the beautiful eyes that could not see! I could not speak for a moment, because thoughts came rushing upon me which took my breath away.

'The tiara is uppermost,' Lady Clifford said, softly and sadly, her slender fingers touching the blazing jewels gently, regretfully.

I told her yes, while tears I could not restrain fell silently down my cheeks. To the blind, what worthless things are diamonds, after all!

'The necklace comes next,' she said.

I lifted the tray, and saw it. Nor could I repress a cry of wonder and admiration. It was superb. Three rows of blazing stones formed a collar for the throat; and from that collar depended nine stars, more brilliant, more gorgeous than those in the tiara. The centre star hung low in front; and from it descended three smaller ones, each vying with the other in brightness; while looped from star to star, forming a continuous festoon of flickering splendour, ran a diamond chain, like a river of light.

'Beautiful, is it not?' Lady Clifford said, with a sad smile. Yet I would give it and all the rest for a sight of your little face.' It was the only murmur of discontent or plaint I ever heard from her dear lips.

After she said it, I lost all care for the splendid jewels; their glory seemed dim, their beauty worthless. I lifted tray after tray, and looked at the glittering baubles with contempt. What were they worth, after all? Their radiance could not heal a broken heart, or purchase for their owner one moment's peace of mind.

'Have you come to the last tray, Olive?' Lady Clifford said, in her gentle level voice.

I told her 'yes.'

'You will find a star and crescent there,' she said. 'They do not belong to the Clifford diamonds. They were a bequest from my dear

mother, so that they are my own, to be given as I please. You'll give Naomi the star, as a little remembrance of a poor blind woman, whose darkened hours she has brightened a little. And the crescent is for my sweet Ruth. I'll send her no message, because she'll understand. And you—you, Olive—lift the case containing the star and crescent; your gift is there.'

Apart from the rest, it lay in a case of its own, a cross of pure flame. Not diamonds this, but rubies—rubies, set in a crust of tiny diamonds, burning like living fire. I clasped my hands.

'Oh! dear Lady Clifford! this is too much,' I cried, scarcely knowing what to say.

'Take the three cases; put the rest back, and come,' Lady Clifford answered, with a sad smile. 'Olive, you have helped me so long to carry my weary cross, that this shall be a token to you of my gratitude. Dear, you know whose price is above rubies; you are one of the few.' She kissed me tenderly, and we seemed to grow nearer to each other after that, than we had ever been before.

Reserving the dear lady's gifts, I put the rest of the diamonds back into their prison, and left them there. Many days went by, many changes came to us all, before I saw them again.

Ruth and Naomi went into ecstasies over their superb presents. Dear little Ruth ran up to the house to fling herself at Lady Clifford's feet, half crying, half laughing, wholly charming, in an ecstasy of delight.

Naomi took her gift much more coolly. 'I suppose I'll have them all some day,' she said. But she wrote Lady Clifford a very graceful letter; and she wore the star set in her golden hair at the ball; while Ruth's cloudlike veil fell from her sparkling crescent, and floated from her bright face like a mist behind a week-old moon.

After the ball, we seemed to slip back into the old smooth-running everyday life. Uncle Thomas came and went as usual. Sometimes I went to the Mills House and spent a few days there. Sometimes Ruth went, but never Naomi. Had uncle guessed her secret? Often I felt guilty concerning it, and yet I never had courage to ask the truth of him. Between my sister and myself, there was never a mention of Arthur Clifford's name; and yet, by some woman's instinct, I knew full well that she heard from him. Lady Clifford heard from him too. He was in Brazil, at first; then he went northward; and about a year after his departure, a letter from San Francisco told his mother he was settled in California.

Was it that spring or the next one that our brother Paul and Jack Clifford returned home? I can scarcely be certain; at anyrate, they came amongst us with the daffodils; and with the falling leaves, sweet Ruth went from us to the Hall, Jack Clifford's wife. Jack was as unlike his elder brother as two men born of the same parents could possibly be. Unlike in face, in form, in disposition; the soul of honour, truthful, straightforward, incapable of deceit, brave and daring, yet gentle as a woman. He and I were of the same age; we had been boy and girl together, and I loved him; but he was not to blame. He had his choice; and if it fell upon my sweet sister, it was no fault of his or mine.

I think Lady Clifford knew, for she grew more

loving and tender with me than ever, and now that the families were so closely linked, made me her confidante in many ways. Uncle Thomas and Uncle Hugh both added their splendid share to our dear Ruth's dower. She went to her husband nobly portioned; and the stately old baronet received her as his daughter with open arms. We all rejoiced in her joy; but I—I wore my blood-red cross in silence.

Naomi's temper did not grow sweeter for dear Ruth's happiness. I think that the contrast between the brothers was an evil thing to her, and that Ruth's perfect happiness cut her to the soul. She heard from Arthur Clifford pretty regularly, although he wrote from a different place almost every time. Now he was in Mexico, now at New York, now at Boston. Twice he wrote from some unknown place in the Far West. Once he told her he had been amongst the Mormons. Sometimes she told me little bits out of his letters, but oftener far she merely said where he was. So two years went by, and in the third year, the letters began to grow fewer and fewer—at last they ceased.

She only set her red lips more proudly and held her head a little higher. No one could observe any other alteration in her lovely face or self-possessed demeanour.

I was standing one morning that year by the library window, when I saw Tom come flying up the avenue from the mills. He must have seen me before I saw him, for he came running towards me, and leaped through the open window. 'Go at once to Grange. Sir Arthur is'—

I filled up the pause he made, crying out: 'Dead?' as the room seemed to spin round with me, and I reeled back into a chair.

'Now, that's just the way of all you women,' cried Tom impatiently; 'going into faints all over the place, instead of having your wits about you when they're most wanted.'

His impatience roused me to a sense of all Sir Arthur's death involved. 'I am not fainting, Tom, not a bit. Tell me what I can do—tell me how.' I could hardly speak.

'There you go again. Pick yourself up, and go to the house as quick as you can. My lady is in a terrible state.'

I knew she would be stricken to the soul; and so I made an effort, and ere the news had spread far, I was at her side.

Sir Arthur's end was sudden; but for years he had known that it might come at any moment. As to his poor wife, she knew the parting could not be for very long, and she took comfort. Ruth and her husband were abroad, at Malta. Of course they came as soon as possible; but Arthur Clifford's whereabouts was not so easily discovered; that he was somewhere in the States, we fancied, but nothing more. Nor did we hear anything of him until the grass was green upon his father's grave. The Uplands was but a dull house for bright Naomi in those days, and so she made frequent long visits among our friends. She happened to be at home when Sir Arthur died; but feeling bored, as she called it, by the cloud which fell upon us all then, she went to Liverpool, as the nearest harbour of refuge from the dullness of home. Just one

month after her departure, Ruth came down to Uplands on a summer morning with a letter in her hand.

'Olive,' she said, 'I have some wonderful news to tell you. Arthur has written to his mother, telling her of his marriage.'

'O Ruth, his marriage!' I gasped.

'Yes. Why shouldn't he marry if he chooses? He is married to a Miss Almeria Scadder, a great beauty and a great heiress. They are on their way home. Here is the letter; read for yourself.'

I took the paper out of her hand, and read it, amazed. How was I to tell Naomi?

WOLF-CHILDREN.

In depicting the temper and disposition of the wolf, such adjectives as 'ruthless, cunning, and treacherous' are invariably used, and with perfect justice. It would appear, therefore, at first sight almost incredible that there should be many instances on record where children have been carried away, and instead of being devoured, as would assuredly have been the case had the marauder been a panther or leopard, they have been suckled, tended, and reared by them. Some of these have afterwards been recovered; and at this moment there exists a specimen wolf-child at Secundra, a small missionary station a few miles from Agra; so that the story of Romulus and Remus may not be so entirely without foundation as we have hitherto been led to suppose.

Wolves as a rule prey upon the flocks and herds of the inhabitants of the villages in whose neighbourhood they have made their dens, and upon such wild animals as they can hunt down and capture. Among these latter may be mentioned the gazelle-antelope and the black-buck; and many and ingenious are the devices they resort to in order to achieve their purpose. But in the North-western Provinces of India, as about Agra, in Oude and Rajpootana, they are also very destructive to children. Hindus of all classes are exceedingly superstitious regarding the destruction of these predatory brutes, and consider the individual who has been unfortunate enough to shed a drop of wolf's blood, doomed to suffer some grievous calamity. Hence, though a government reward of three rupees per head is offered, it is only the very lowest of all castes—the 'Domes or Dungars,' as they are called—who will take the trouble to snare and destroy wolves. These people lead a vagrant life, and bivouac in the jungles, and have no superstitious dread of killing any living thing.

The following hypothesis may explain how it comes to pass that so cruel and relentless an animal as the wolf should sometimes be found enacting the interesting part of foster-mother to one of the human species. A female with cubs goes prowling about in search of food for its young, and succeeds in ravishing an Indian home of its infant for that purpose. The cubs,

for some reason or other—not over-sensitiveness, certainly, but perhaps because their carnivorous instincts are as yet comparatively dormant—merely lick the child all over. This probably, according to the code of wolfish etiquette, is equivalent to having eaten salt with an Arab, and the infant is henceforth adopted by the parent, and suckled and brought up with the cubs. Although the human tendency is to go on two legs, we know that even amongst ourselves babies commence by crawling. Now, man is essentially an imitative animal, and seeing the wolves going on all-fours, the alien naturally tries the same method of progression. It would appear, however, that it has found the hands ill-adapted for use in lieu of forefeet, and as a rule the elbows are employed for that purpose; in consequence of this choice, the knees too have to be used instead of the feet, and hence horny excrescences are usually found on both the knees and the elbows.

Perhaps the two subjoined true narratives of wolf-children that have been captured in India, may prove interesting.

One morning many years ago, Mr H——, who happened at the time to be magistrate and collector of the Etawah District, was out riding, accompanied by a couple of sowars or mounted orderlies. They were passing over a portion of road that lay in the vicinity of the ravines of the river Jumna, when two half-grown wolf-cubs crossed their path; and following them more slowly, came a very remarkable-looking creature, which shambled along on all-fours in an extraordinarily uncouth fashion. This turned out to be a wolf-child. Letting the other two unmolested, the three men proceeded to hunt down the human cub, and succeeded in bringing it to bay. As they wished to take the creature alive, and were altogether unwilling to hurt it in any way, they found the greatest difficulty in attempting to secure it; for it fought, bit, and clawed with extreme fierceness and pertinacity; indeed, having driven it into a corner, Mr H—— and one of the sowars had to mount guard, while the other native proceeded to the nearest village, and got a stout blanket, for the purpose of throwing it over its head; and it was by this means that the capture was at length effected. All the way home, the wolf-child behaved like a mad thing, screaming and howling, now piteously, now in a paroxysm of impotent rage. It was, however, taken to Mr H——'s house; but it would not be comforted, and for a long time refused all kinds of food, including raw meat. The creature was a boy of about nine years of age; and it may here be stated that no female wolf-child has ever been heard of or seen. It is not easy to assign a sufficient reason for the fact that females have never been so discovered, unless we suppose that, being less vigorously constituted, they have been unable to withstand the terrible hardships of such an existence, and have very soon sickened and died.

In appearance, this boy was exceedingly repulsive; his features were blunt and coarse, and

their expression brutalised and insensible. As for his habits, they were exactly those of a wild animal.

Mr H— caused minute inquiries to be made throughout the neighbouring villages as to whether the inhabitants had lost any children through their being carried off by wolves, and if so, whether they could recognise the human waif that had been recovered, by means of birth-marks, moles, or other such indelible tokens. In the course of a few days the father and mother of the lad were discovered. They identified him by certain well-defined marks about the breast and shoulders, and stated he had been carried away when about two years of age. His parents, however, found him very difficult to manage, for he was most fractious and troublesome—in fact, just a caged wild beast. Often during the night, for hours together, he would give vent to most unearthly yells and moans, destroying the rest and irritating the tempers of his neighbours, and generally making night hideous. On one occasion, his people chained him by the waist to a tree that stood near the hut, which was situated on the outskirts of the village. Then a rather curious incident occurred. It was a bright moonlight night; and two wolf-cubs—undoubtedly those in whose companionship he had been captured—attracted apparently by his cries, while on the prowl, came to him, and were distinctly seen to gambol about and play with him, with as much familiarity and affection as if they considered him quite one of themselves. They only left him on the approach of morning, when movement and stir again arose in the village.

The wolf-boy, however, did not survive long. Accustomed to the wilds for at least half-a-dozen years, captivity and the change in his mode of life appeared not to agree with him, for he gradually pined away and died. He never spoke a word; nor did a single ray of human intelligence ever shed its refining light over his poor debased features.

The next story is taken from a work published some five-and-twenty years ago, by a then well-known Indian political officer.

‘There is now at Sultanpore a boy who was found in a wolf’s den, near Chandour on the Goomtee River, about two and a half years ago. A trooper, sent by the native governor to the district of Chandour to demand the payment of some revenue, was passing along the banks of the Goomtee, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a boy. The boy went on all-fours, and was on the best possible terms with the dam and her whelps; and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They went down to the river and drank without perceiving the native, who sat upon his horse watching them. As soon as they were about to turn back, the trooper pushed on, intending to cut off and secure the boy; but the latter ran quite as fast as the whelps, and kept up easily with its foster-parent. Eventually they all re-entered the den. The trooper then assembled some people with pickaxes and attempted to dig them out. When they had dug some seven or eight feet into the bank, the wolf escaped with her cubs and the boy. They were pursued by the trooper, followed by the fastest young

men of the party on foot; the former headed them, and turned the boy back on to the men, who then captured him. They took him to the village and tried to make him speak, but could get no answer save an angry growl or snarl. He was some weeks at the village, and large crowds assembled each day to see him. On the approach of a grown-up person, he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; when, however, a child came near, he rushed at it with a fierce snarl and attempted to bite it. He rejected cooked meat with disgust; but when raw meat was offered, he seized it eagerly, put it under his paws like a dog, and ate it with evident relish. He would not let any person approach him while he was eating, but had no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him.

‘The lad was handed over to the Rajah of Hasanpore, and soon after was sent by him to Sultanpore, to Captain Nicholetts, the European officer commanding the first regiment of Oude local infantry. The latter made him over to the charge of his servants, who take great care of him, but can never get him to utter a syllable. He is inoffensive, except when teased (Captain Nicholetts says), and will then growl surlily at the person annoying him. He now eats almost anything thrown to him, but prefers raw flesh, which he devours greedily. A quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him, when the weather became very cold this season; but he tore it to pieces and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, with his food every day. He is very fond of bones, particularly uncooked ones; these he masticates apparently with as much ease as if they were meat. He continues to like dogs and jackals, and permits them to feed with him, if he happens to be eating when they approach.

‘Captain Nicholetts, in letters dated 14th and 19th September 1850, told me that the boy died in the latter end of August, and that he had never been seen to laugh or smile. He understood but little what was said, and appeared to take no notice of anything going on around him; nor did he form any attachments whatever. He never played with the numerous children around him, nor did he seem wishful to do so. When not hungry, he used to sit petting and stroking a *pariah* or vagrant dog, which he used to allow to feed out of the same dish with him. A short time before his death, Captain Nicholetts shot this dog, as he used to eat by far the greater part of the meat given to the boy, who in consequence was getting quite thin. The lad didn’t seem in the least to care for the death of his companion. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them. When hungry, he pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed some distance from him, he used to run to it on all-fours; but at other times, not frequently, he would walk upright. He shunned human beings male and female, and would never willingly remain near one. To cold, heat, and rain he appeared alike indifferent, and seemed to care for nothing but eating. He was very quiet, and required no kind of restraint while he was with Captain Nicholetts’ servants—that is, for the space of about two years. He was never heard to utter a single word, till within a few minutes

of his death, when he put his hand to his head and said "it ached;" he then asked for some water, after drinking which, he died. This boy when caught was about ten years of age.

JIM FLANNERTY'S GHOST.

"So you really believe in ghosts, Brian?" said I. "Sure, your honour," returned Brian with a grin, "it's not for me to disbelieve what I've seen wid my own eyes."

"Do you mean to say," exclaims my friend Smith, "that you have actually seen a ghost?"

"Faith, thin, an' it's myself saw one not two weeks ago, as plain as I see you at this minit. More by token, 'twas that same ghost got me my Mary, the purtiest girl in the whole village; not to spake ov an illigant cottage an' a thrifle ov gowld beside."

"Come, that sounds interesting. Couldn't you give us a description of this obliging apparition?"

"Is it an account o' the ghost that ye're wantin'? Sure, an' I'll give it ye wid the greatest playsure in life, only ye'll not be repateing it to any livin' crayture, or, faith, I'd niver hear the last ov it!"

We promise silence; and accordingly Brian, duly fortified with a glass of his favourite liquor, proceeds.

"Ye were maybe acquainted, gentlemen, wid ould Larry O'Donaghue?"

Unfortunately, we had never had that honour.

"An' small loss to ye, aither," quoth Brian. "But he was Mary's father, an' a purty father too; but that's naither here nor there. Well, I was a sort ov relation ov his; so, whin my mother died—she was a widdy—I wint to live wi' him an' Mary. She was a girl ov twelve thin, an' myself wasn't much older; but ye see I lived there seven years, an' by that time I was grown uncommon fond ov Mary; not that she'd ever listen to me, the crayture, whin I wanted to tell her so; but still she didn't seem to mislike me. Well, I'd saved a thrifle, an' I was arnin' fair wages; so I'd jist made up my mind to ask Mary to be my wife, whin who should turn up but Jim Flannerty, bad cess to him! Now, Jim was a sort ov cousin ov ould O'Donaghue; an' he'd left his ship on sick-leave, though you would not have thowt it, to look at him, seein' he was as red as a carrot. Av coorse, he wor always in an' out ov the house, an' seemed mighty struck wi' Mary, an' she wi' him. Well, the long an' the short ov it was that ould O'Donaghue sent me on a fool's errand to Dublin; an' whin I come back, Mary an' Flannerty wor engaged. Av coorse, I couldn't stay at home after that, so I jist wint away; an' I didn't come back for two years."

"Well, I returns one day, an' I finds ould O'Donaghue dead, an' Mary livin' in the cottage wid an' ould aunt. "Sure, it's myself, Mary," says I. "Arrah, thin, don't be onaisy!—An' it's

Mrs Flannerty that ye'll be now?" for I wanted to make sure, ye see. So thin it comes out that Jim Flannerty's not been heard of for a year an' more, an' the ship he sailed in's lost. Well, I was mighty glad to hear that Flannerty was out ov the way; though, av coorse, I was rale sorry for Mary, an' did my best to comfort her. However, she wouldn't noways believe that Jim was drowned. "Sure, but it's on some desert island that he is," says she; an' not all my talking could git that out ov her head.

"Well, one evenin' she an' I was walking along by the river, an' says I: "Mary mavourneen, will you be my wife, for I've loved you since the day I first set eyes on you?"

"Och, thin, Brian O'Brady," says she, "but I'm promised to Jim."

"Deed, thin, Mary alanna," says I, "but it's dead an' drowned that he is; so take me instead, an' it's not repenting it that ye'll be."

"I'll not believe that he's dead," says she, "till I see his ghost!"

"An' would ye believe it? That very minit I turns round, an' sees the ghost behind us!"

(I here interrupt Brian to ask for some description of the spectre.)

"Well, ye see, I didn't obsarve it very particular, for Mary av coorse screams an' drops down in a faint; but I jist remarked 'twas mortal ugly, an' flames was comin' out ov its mouth an' nose an' shootin' all over it."

"Oh, come now!" breaks in Smith, but subsides on my looking at him reprovingly.)

"An' there was an awful smell ov sulphur an' burnin' about it," continues Brian, "though I wouldn't say it to Mary, for fear ov hurtin' her feelin's. Well, she soon comes round, an' says she: "Where's the ghost, Brian?"

"It's vanished," says I.

"An' was it Jim Flannerty's?" says she, very low.

"Av coorse it was," says I.

"Did he spake to ye, Brian, darlint?" says she.

"We had a few minits' conversation," says I.

"An' what was it ye were sayin', thin?"

"Troth, an' I'll tell you the whole," says I. "The ghost says to me—(I'll jist put my arm around ye, Mary, an' thin ye needn't be afraid)—the ghost says: "Brian O'Brady!" says he.

"Jim Flannerty," says I.

"You're an honest fellow," says he.

"Troth, ye're payin' me too great a compliment," says I, for I thowt it best to be civil, ye see.

"By no manes," says he. "Will you do me a favour?"

"Wid the greatest playsure in life," says I.

"I'm engaged to a young woman," says he—(Don't scream, Mary, darlint; I'm holdin' ye tight)—"an' present circumstances don't allow ov my marryin'; will you take her instead ov me?"

"Sure, it's proud an' glad that I'll be to do it," says I.—An' wi' that the ghost vanishes. "So, Mary, darlint, there's nought against our bein' married at once."

"Well, the long an' the short o' it is, we were married that week; an' it's as happy as the day is long that we are now."

A roar of laughter from Smith greets the conclusion of Brian's narrative.

'What is the matter?' I inquire.

'Why, I was the ghost!' replies he.—'I say, Brian, did you ever hear of "luminous paint?"'

'Sure, thin, your honour, my own grandfather painted half the houses in K—; so it's few paints that I haven't seen, seein' he used to make me mix them.'

'Well, if he covered the houses with luminous paint, it was rather a brilliant idea of his, though I don't suppose that it did actually occur to him!—You see this mixture here, Brian? Well, if it were dark, and I rubbed some of this on any object, that object would at once look bright and shining, and appear to give out light.'

'Sure, that's mighty clever, your honour,' says Brian.

'I had been trying for a long time,' continues Smith, 'to find out of what this paint is composed, and some evenings ago I succeeded in discovering the secret. I was so delighted with my success, that I did not wait to rub the stuff from my hands and face, but rushed down to my friend Professor Nichol's, to show him the result of my experiments. I remember I went along by the river; so you see that I must have been your "mortal ugly" ghost' [Smith is a handsome fellow, and a favourite with the ladies], 'who unconsciously did you such a good turn. The ghostly "conversation" existed, I presume, only in your imagination.'

'Sure, didn't I think all the time that 'twas mighty like yourself, Mr Smith!' says Brian drily.

'Then why did you tell us that it was Flannerty?' I inquire.

'Arrah, thin, but Jim Flannerty wor uncommon like your honour's friend, as you'd see if he were standin' here this minit; so why shouldn't their ghosts be alike too?' And Brian took his departure, leaving us laughing over his ready wit and inventive genius.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

A STRANGE STORY OF RETRIBUTION IN ANIMAL LIFE.

A CORONER'S inquest was recently held in London upon the dead body of a man who had been killed by an elephant belonging to Mr Myers, circus proprietor. The elephant in question was a female, and was known by the name of 'Blind Bill,' because she was stone-blind. The elephant was in general a perfectly quiet animal; but had nourished a prejudice against the man who fell a victim to its revenge. Eight months before the fatal occurrence, and while the circus company was performing at Reading, the deceased, who was then a hawker in that town, was one day watching the elephants, when 'Blind Bill' put her trunk into one of his baskets and ate all his vegetables. Becoming incensed at his loss and the laughter of the bystanders, the man pulled out his penknife and cruelly stabbed the elephant in the trunk. This was the beginning of an ill-will between the man and the quadruped; for the man having afterwards got employment with the company, was attacked one morning by the elephant and crushed to death against a wall.

But the most remarkable part of the elephant's

story is still to be mentioned. This refers to the manner in which the animal lost its eyesight, and was told by Mr Myers in his evidence at the above inquest. He said he had had the elephant for twenty years, and during the whole of that period she had always been of a singularly mild disposition, unless provoked. For instance, about thirteen years ago, a groom in his employment put out one of her eyes with a pitchfork; for which act of diabolical cruelty the man was dismissed. About twelve months later the animal lost the sight of the other eye, and since that time had been stone-blind. Some two years afterwards, Mr Myers's company was performing in Jersey, and while there, the groom in question came into the stable in which the elephant was, and, slapping her on the side, said: 'This is the old brute who got me dismissed.' On hearing the man's voice, the elephant pushed him up against the wall, and so injured his head and eyes that ever since that time the man had been what is termed *cross-eyed*. The coroner, Sir John Humphreys, in addressing the jury, rightly observed that this incident, as related by Mr Myers, was a curious one, and was certainly a just retribution upon the groom.

THE WEANING OF THE LAMBS.

HERE, on the trunk of this uprooted pine,
Sole barren thing amid the summer's green,
I'll rest awhile, and let my spirit take
Its fill of anguish. Oh, to heart like mine,
Deep shadowed with the gloom of present grief,
How human-like, how full of pity, come
The long loud wailings of the lambs that bleat
Their sorrows in a crowd on yonder hill!
How painfully along the twilight air
Swells the deep dirge pathetic! All the wood
Is listening breathless to the mournful sound.
The very mists with which sad Evening veils
The dewy earth, and clouds the blue serene,
Seem struck to stillness in their phantom-shapes,
And cling about the steepes of yon tall crag
Like mourners round the couch they cannot ease.
The soft warm shower that but an hour ago
Suffused the vale, and cheered its drooping life,
Has left bright droplets on the shadowy wood,
And every leaf is glistening like an eye
Of silent sorrow for the fleecy fold
That give such sad complainings to the night.

O creatures, gentlest of all gentle things!

I cannot linger here, and, lingering, list
The expressive voice of inarticulate grief
Rising and falling with the ebb and flow
Of your unspoken sorrow, and not feel
Some natural throes of sympathetic pain.
I would not seek to shut—were't in my power—
'Gainst any creature on God's blessed earth,
Struck down by woe, the sluices of my heart:
Nay, rather would I fling the floodgates wide,
To let my pity mingle with your grief,
And from the confluence of the sacred tides,
Like palm-tree by the desert's lonely spring,
Draw secret nourishment and hidden strength.

J. R.

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